

THE
BATTLE on the HILL;

OR,

Pride Mortify'd.

An OPERA Reviv'd.

As it was Acted

In an ACADEMY in the Year 1303,

By Young GENTLEMEN

First Edition



Printed for the AUTHOR, in the Year, 1751.



~~WOMANLY VIRTUES~~

Epistle Dedicatory.

To my good old Captain.

S I R,

AS the Bards by long Prescription have claimed a Right to the Protection of Gentlemen of Wit and Humour, so one might range around the Shady Bowers of all the Country, before one could light on so fit a Person as you to defend the few following Pages. The main Scope of the Thing (for I call it nothing else,) is to expose Pride, Covetousness, Hypocrisy, and a few more Evils which you are so notoriously free from, that you have no occasion to read it for Instruction or Caution, but only to divert the Afternoon of some very dull rainy Day, when you are indisposed for serious Business, and enable you to defend your old Cook from the Assaults and Sarcasms of the Tribe of Levi — No man living can think himself aspersed in it, My Subject being a Jew, long since dead, and now rehearsed as it was acted in the Academy in *Bransford*, in the year 1303.

A 9

Now

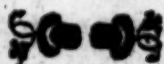
EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Now as you hate Pride, you also in Course hate Flattery, therefore I shall omit the Elogiums that are due to you for the many Favours you heaped on your old Servant, when I had the Happiness to serve you in the Station of Cook, on board the first Vessel you bravely Commanded. — I have now got a little Brig of my own, and shall be glad to be fitted by you if you think proper.

As to the Method of handling my Subject, according to my Profession, I have Roasted one Parr, Broil'd a second, Frigasee'd a third, and lastly, made a Ragon of the Fragments. If under any of these Dressings I have suted your Palate, sufficiently rewarded is your old Servant

Wm. Cook,

The Thing is sent to you, with this Intent,
That you pronounce its Doom, and I am bent
To Execute the same, as you would have it,
Either to throw it in the Flames, or Save it.



P R O.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by one of the ACTORS.

TO save you trouble, learned Criticks, know
'Tis only naked truth *We mean to Show,*
For both the Subject and the Work is Low.
The Author is a Cook, none but a Cook,
Has right to Criticize upon the Book.
And we are Botchers if we do not *Al*
Our several Parts, and every thing transact
Just as it happen'd in those Days of Yore,
When Mark the Jew, and Mage the Gentile, bore
The Characters of a Hy——re and W——re,
Which is four Hundred Years ago and more.
Wou'd it not be ridiculous to Paint
A Sinner, just as if he were a Saint;
Or draw a Woman white as any Limestone,
When ev'ry body knows she was a Brimstone,
Mean tho' the Work is, pure was the Design,
To shew the Man himself, and not to feign,
Like Mirrour false, which makes a Person trow
He's handsome, tho' as ugly as a Sow;
Good was the effect, as well as the Intent,
For most sincerely did the Jew repent,
Soon as he saw himself as in a Glass
Display'd, his Hour of Death did come to Pass,
And being old, and full of Grief and Years,
He poured out his Life in Floods of Tears.

Per-



Persons of the Drama.

Mark, a Jew, intriguing with John's Wife.

Ben, Mark's Son.

John, a contented Cuckow

Several Neighbours.

Mary, Speaker of the Synagogue.

Racbael, Mark's Wife.

Mage, John's Wife.

Deborah, Sarah, and Ruth, Mistresses to Ben.



The BATTLE on the HILL;

O R,

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

ACT. I.

SCENE First. Mark's House.

Mark. **H**ONEY Rachel, has any been enquiring for me since I went forth?

Rachel. Only *Mage*, with a Message from *John*.

Mark. (*aside*) In Sadness this is a grievous Disappointment — Why did not the silly Woman tell thee her Message.

Rachel. Dear knows, Honey, They are wiser than I that can tell. And here's been *Gelly Pott's* Lad, and left this piece of Paper for thee.

(*Mark reads*) For curing your Son *Ben.* of a *Lues* 25*l.* (*Aside*) I would rather have paid 50*l.* to have kill'd him.

Mark. Verily Rachel, this Youth will bring our grey Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave, And in Sadness, Honey, if I were not confident of thy Virtue I should not believe that he issued from my Chaste Loins.

Rachel. Pray thee, what means that Word *Lues*?
It

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It is an Ague, I suppose; for truly the Lad has look'd Pale and Wan of late, and has a great sort of Phials in his Closet, and three corner'd Pieces of Paper about his Chamber.

Mark. An Ague! a Pox, Woman! let me see one of those Pieces of Paper (*Rachel brings one.*)

(*Mark Reads*) The Mercurial Bolus to be taken at Night.—Ay, marry, the Pox sure enough! This is all the Fruits of my Pains and Expence that I have bestowed on that Prodigal's Education, and the wholesome Counsels thou and I have given him, and above all, the Chaste and Sober Example we have set him; But I must go forth about my lawfull Business, and do thee retire to thy Meditations.

Rachel. I would counsel thee to pay *Gelly Pott's* Bill, least he expose the shamefull Business.

Mark. What! part with my Money, Woman! I'll part with the Lad and thee both first.

Mark, Solus. 'Tis hard to take out of the Flesh what's bred in the Bone; but that to my self. I'll part with no money. — *Going out, a Beggar Sings.*

Second SCENE, the Street.

O! my Charming Money O!

O! my darling Idol Money O!

Let Wife and Child and all Friends go,
I'll still preserve my Money O.

Mark. He's been a wise Poet that made that Song — I Say.

Begg. Be pleas'd to buy the Song.

Mark. I've no Skill of those vain Things; but the Words are Gratefull, wilt thou take a Farthing for it.

Begg. It should be a Half-penny; but I wont stand

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stand with you, (*Mark takes it.*) and reads as he walks. — I'll still preserve my Money O. — If it was consistent with Religion I wou'd sing it. (*smiling.*) — *meets a Friend.*

Friend. I perceive thou art pleas'd with that Paper.

Mark. (*Folding it up.*) It is an Advertisement of a Parcel of Cyder come from London.

Friend. Aye, that will do, for Lowering Wine.

Mark. Hush, Hush, between thee and I, with 30 Gallons of that Cyder, 10 of Alicant, and 20 of English Spirits, my Cooper (For I have no hand myself in Fraud,) will make a Hoghead of as good Port as need be tip'd.

Friend. Aye, Aye, every man to his Trade.

Mark. Why thou sees it's by this Craft we have our Wealth.

Friend. Just so. — *Mark meets another.*

2d Friend. How do'st do Neighbour? canst thou furnish me with Five or Six Keels, — I want them presently.

Mark. I cannot go about it now, having an Appointment with a Lady, an old Customer, with whom I have very considerable Dealings, but To-morrow Morn' I am thy Man. Farewell.

(*Leaves them.*)

Two Neighbours by themselves.

1st. Let's go and Dog this old Curmudgeon — where he goes to, this Lady, this old Customer, that he has such large dealings with.

They follow him.

SCENE, a Hill.

Mark meets Mage.

Mark. Now Mage! I was sorry, Honey, that I was not at home when thou call'd at my House.

B

Mage

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Mage. Did thy Wife tell thee I called.

Mark. Wife! Such a mouthful of a Word! I can't bear it, my Affections burn towards thee, Honey.

Two Neighbours at a Distance.

Your Servant, old Customer, we shall see considerable Dealings presently, a fine Lady, and a cunning one.

One Sings.

As up the Hill they took their Way,

What tender Words he said,

His Cheeks to her's he oft did Lay,

And with her Bosom played;

'Till both at length impatient grown,

To be more fully blest'd,

On yonder Shade, he laid her down.

Love only saw the rest.

Mark and Mage part.

Mark meets the two Neighbours.

1st. Neigh. What all over in a Sweat, Friend *Mark.*

Mark. I've walk'd my self out of Breath almost.

2d. Neigh. Nay we saw you Riding.

Mark. Riding!

1st. Neigh. Aye! Riding, and upon a two-footed Mare; for more certainty I suppose you have put her to Grass. Aye! Yonder she is!

Mark. Hush! Hush! Neighbour, let's go drink a Tankard some where, I want to talk a bit with you. *(they go smiling.)* What past I guess.—*(Exeunt.)*

End of the first Act.

ACT.

ACT. II.

SCENE First. A Tavern.

Mark and two Neighbours sitting, with a Bowl of Punch before them.—Ben in the next Room overhears.

Mark. **M**Y Respects to you both (*Drinks.*) I protest there are not two in the Parish, that I have such an Esteem and Value for as you two, and would be glad to know wherein I can serve you.

1st Neigh. (*Aside.*) The Friend wants to Butter a Whiting with us, but he shan't come off so.

(*To Mark, 2d Neigh.*) Friend, to be free with thee, it is in thy Power to serve us, and thou knows how.—a Word to the wife is sufficient.

Mark. (*Aside.*) Woe be to the Hill! Little did I think of the fine farthing Song. Now I find I must part with my Money.

Mark, to 1st N. Why, I know that thou owest 5 l. to Tom Taverner, and thou (*to the Second*) 7 l. to Billy Brewer, and there may be some other little odd Things.—Come to shew my Tenderness to you, here is Ten Guineas a Piece.

Both. What have you brought us here to affront us, tho' we cannot cut the Figure you do, thank our Stars, we can pay our Debts every Day we live, and will let you know that Ten times Ten shall not put up this Affront—We want none of your Bribes,

Mark. My dear Friends and Neighbours, surely you would not ruin one that professes so great an esteem for you.

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1st Neigh. Profession will not do for me.

2d Neigh. Neither for me.

Mark. Well Friends, to shew you my esteem, and that I am sincere in my Profession, I was just going to pay away 200 *l.* here are the two Notes, take them and welcome, but I hope Neighbours—need I say hope; —I am certain you are Men of more Generosity, than to take Notice of the little Slip I made on the Hill.

Both. We'll Swear.

Mark. Heaven forbid; only give me your hands. (*Sings.*) *Let's be Jovial, &c*

Enter Ben.

Ben. Gentlemen you are very merry, will you accept of my Company, I Love Musick with all my heart.

Mark. Then, I am glad thou art come, I have been paying away some Money, and my Neighbours would needs treat me, and thou seest they are grown merry upon my hand, wilt thou Step home to thy Mother, after thou hast taken one Glass and acquaint her that I am a little engaged, but will be at home very soon.—*Ben. Drinks, and exit into the next Room, where he listens.*

Mark. Well Neighbours, you know we have all our Infirmities, this is the first fall I have had, since I wedded *Rachel*, and no doubt Neighbours, you have had your Failings too, come, let's pass away a little time in talking of our seperate Amours, while we finish our Bowl.

(*Aside.*) *1st Neigh.* Sly enough! by this I perceive he intends to make a Drawback upon us.

2d. It's but a dull Subject, let's finish, and call for another Bowl.

Mark. I protest to you Neighbours, that I have a great deal of Business to do this Night, but any other time command me.

(Exit Mark, leaving the Curtain and hide them from view.)

SCENE Second. *A Lady's Chamber.*

Enter Ben.

Ben. Ladies, your Servant.

1st Lady. My dear *Ben.* (*Kisses.*) *2d.* My Jewel,
3d. My Precious. (*Kisses.*)

Ben. Ah! Hah! &c. I've found out a secret,
Ladies.

(*Afide Ladies.*) We would not have it any of
our Secrets.

1st Lady. Well, *Ben.* what's the Matter?

Ben. My Chaste Father has got a Fall on the
Hill.

2d. Lady. Excuse my Interruption; — I hope,
he has broke his Neck.

Ben. Nay, Nay, He has only incroached a
little upon his Stock.

3d. Lady. Come.—Out with it all together, *Ben.*

Ben. Well Ladies, to be plain with you, I hap-
pen'd to be at the Cross-Keys, and who then
should come into the next Room where I was,
(waiting for a Comrade) But the grave Old Man,
with two Neighbours: I list'ned most attentively,
and Discovered from their Discourse, That the
two Neighbours had Caught him on the Hill, in
the Act of Love, with a Lady: by the bye, they
have squeezed 200*l.* out of the old One, for hush
Money.

Ladies. Hah! Ha! — I hope, *Ben.* you can
Spell *Opportunity* well enough, to make various
Advantages to yourself on this Occasion.

Ben. Leave that to me.

1st Lady. O that old Man, to do it so publickly.

Ben. Best of all is, He had been muttering a-
gainst me to my Mother, but just before, saying
I should bring their grey Hairs to the Grave with
Sorrow, and all the rest on't, on account of

Gally

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Gally Pott's Bill; — Hang thee *Deb.* thou was the Cause of that.

Deb. Not I.

Ben. Some of you.

2d. Lady. Nor I.

3d. Lady. I can swear myself clear, the Rogues has been amongst the Common Hussies, and now wou'd lay the blame upon We.

Ben. Come, no more of that, let's be merry.
(*takes Debora on his Knee.*) *Deb.* Sings.

My Ben is a lover Gay, &c.

His mind is never Muddy, &c.

Ladies. Now *Ben.* for your Catch. [*Ben.* Sings.

Honest Man John Ochiltree,

My poor old John Ochiltree;

Wilt thou go up the Hill with me,

And do as thou was wont to do.

Enter Mark, abruptly.

Mark. Oh thou Reprobate! What! no less than three Harlots at Once! I thought I would find thee out some time.

Ben. If the old Woman had never been in the Oven herself, she would not have sought for her Daughter there.

Mark. What does the Prodigal Rake say?

Ben. I am only the Shovel, thou art the Rake: so fast it behoves me to shovel, as thou Rakest.

Mark. Thou Squanderer, I'll pinch thee, till thy Skin appears thro' thy Coat. No more of thy Taylors, or *Gally Pott's* Bills; No; let them take the Head for the Washing; And as for you, Harlots, I'll put you into the Hands of the Steeple-house Officers, and you shall beat Hemp, and Tease Oakum, that you shall.

Deb. Harlots! We'll make you prove your Words! — Do you know Mr. *Squeeze-him* the Proctor

Proctor? We'll put you into his Hands; Besides, Sir, we are not other Mens Wives.

Mark. What means the Baggage!

Deb. The two footed Mare for that. — You rode yourself almost out of Breath, did not you?

Sarah. Trot Father, Trot Mother, Why may not the foal Hobble?

Ben. I hope Father, you won't be so ungenerous as to take Notice of the frail Slip I made on the Hill.

Ben. and Ladies. Hah! &c. 200*l.* Hush money! Hah! &c. — *Mark, goes off in a Rage, saying.* — Oh these Rogues! rob me and betray me too: Oh had I kept my Money —

Ben. Ladies, farewell; — I'll follow, and see where he goes to.

Ladies Pray do, *Ben.*

Mark, Solus. Nothing for me, but Catastrophy upon Catastrophy; what shall I do to conceal this Report from *Rachel* and *John*? I must e'en connive at *Ben's* Extravagancy, to get his Assistance, since he has discover'd this Affair; In Sadness this is like to be a troublesome Business, I wish I could see the Lad. — (*Sees him at a distance*) — Oh yonder he is. — Hip. — *Ben.*

Ben. (Comes Sbyly) Well, what do you want?

Mark. What makes thee look so shy upon thy Father? I was not in earnest when I reprehended thee, *Ben*; Only was oblig'd to say something before them Huffies: Thou knows, *Ben*, I always Loved thee, and Indulged thee in all things proper and agreeable; even bearing with thy youthfull Follies; knowing that I myself also am but frail; I cannot deny, but that I have behaved haughtily with many, and thought of myself above what was meet; too little did I consider that Pride goes before Destruction; but Time
per-

permits not to enlarge on this now; I know, Honey Ben, thou hast Wit at will; Prithee, Lad, think of some Expedient, to quash this threat'ning Reproach; and, before all Things, to keep it from thy Mother.

Ben. I will presently. — (*Musing.*)

Mark. (*Aside.*) Oh! this dear Lad, he is capable of any thing; there's nothing difficult to this youth.

Ben. I have thought on't Father, and it will do; — my Life for it.

Mark. Heavens preserve thy Life, my Dear Boy! — pray let me hear.

Ben. Only put it into the Power of my Hand to make it up with *John*, and I will undertake to manage the Affair so, that he shall face down the World, and the Devil too, that it was himself that was riding upon his own Mare on the Hill, and what was that to any Body: The Freemen have no claim to the Hill sure, and he shall Swear they were all blind Drunk that were on the Hill. — It was Market-day thou knows.

Mark. Ingenious youth! Oh, what a long Head-piece thou hast! But how dost thou think to pacifie *John*?

Ben. Thou knows What the wise Man says answers all things; suppose thou should give the Equivalent to what thou gave the two Neighbours.

Mark. In Sadness I shall not leave myself a single Piece to rub the Palm of my Hand withall, at this rate.

Ben. Nay if thou won't allow the Means, what signifies my Contrivance.

Mark. Well, Honey, I leave it all to thy Prudence — (*Gives him a Purse of 200l.*)

Ben. But, Father, thou knows the Races are soon coming on, and why may not I have a Brace or two of your Bank-Bills to Sport with.

Mark

Mark. Thou shalt have what e'er thou wilt,
Honey; pray dispatch this Business—[They part]

Mark Sings. Tho' Age do's approach me

And Men do reproach me

And make me the Sport of the Wanton and Gay

Yet this does Comfort me

And always Support me

I still have a Purse to do what I may. [Picks up a Pin]

Who sees a Pin and lets it be,

May need a Pin before he die.

A. C. T. III.

SCENE. Ben and John.

Ben. Come, give us your Toast, (John) do you
begin.

Ben. Then here's to all Cuckolds, and Cuckold-
makers, (Both Drink)

John. There are Lyons in the Tower, if my
Health is not included in the Toast.

Ben. In one sense I am sure it is; for it's well
known, thou hast been a Sinner at large that Way.

John. But in the other sense too, have you not
heard the Report of your Father and our Mage.

Ben. Hear it—Hah! hah! &c. And was you
such a Noodle as to mind it: I protest it was only
a Deception of the sight, or the People have
been Drunk: for to let you into the Secret, I had
taken a Whim in my Head as thou and I have
often done; And in short, I took Deb. up the
Hill: Somebody it seems Overlaid, and as thou
knows, wrong Hearing occasions wrong Rehear-
ing, the Report spread that it was the Old Man
and Mage, but no Man in his Wits believes it:
however I have a Scheme in my Head, which will
prevent the Slander from having any Effect, that
against the old Man or Mage; who were as in-
nocent

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nocent as—— or against *Deb* and I, guilty tho' we be, and will still bring a good deal of Dust into thy Pocket.

John. The truth is, I little regarded the Report: Had it been of any Body else than *Mark* my good old Master, it wou'd have made me look Sharp; But now for this Scheme you talk of? I know you can Plodd.

Ben. But it must be intirely between us two.

John. There is my hand, by all my hopes, it shall never be reveal'd by me.

Ben. And you must act your Part with Spirit and Resolution.

John Aye, that I will,—and Soul and Conscience shall not be spared to Compass your generous ends: I believe *Ben*, you know I can stretch a point on Occasion.

Ben. Come then, a Drink and a Song to raise our Spirits.

John. With all my heart. *(Both Drink)*

Ben Sings. *Why shou'd we so idly Save*

Gold and Riches for the Grave?

On my Mistress and my Friend,

I my little Store will Spend,

Rather than with Labour find

Gold, which I must leave behind.

John. Now, *Ben*, for your Scheme to raise the Dust, for I am not over fond of Labour more than you.

Ben. Well, thou must go to all the publick Places, and pour forth Vengeance on all who have attack'd the Honour of Virtuous *Mage*.

John. A bright thought!

Ben. Then thou must face it out, that *Mage* and thou happened to be taking a walk on the Hill that very Day.

John

John. Good again; but what Day was it?

Ben. The Market-day, Man.—

John Ay, Ay, the Market-day, upon my Sagacity, Well, what next?

Ben. Then, thou must boldly aver that, being in a gay Humour, thou used such Freedom with *Mage*, as was consistent with the Laws of Matrimony, and Who dares censure that? Mean while, I'll be taking out Actions of Defamation at my Father's Suit, against the most Substantial ones: Who have reported the Story of *Mage* and him, and they hearing that thou every where avow it was thy Self, and not my Father, will come to compound the Affair; Now *John* thou shalt have every Penny of the Composition Money—now! How d'ye like the Scheme?

John. Artfull! Ingenious! it cannot fail of Success.

Mark, listening at the Door. Oh this *Ben*! fertile genius! he's fit to be a Statesman.

Ben. Come, *John*, good Luck, my Boy, Let's drink and go about our Respective Parts of this Scheme; — I'll pay the Reckoning.

John. I thank you, I'll go directly.—O Rare Project! methinks I have as much Composition Money in View as will Cover the Roof of the Church.—*They Part.*

Ben. alone. I think, I have filled this Fools Brain so full of the Composition Gold, that I may Save the 200 Guineas, I got for him, to my own Use; and if once he gives out that it was he that did the Job on the Hill with *Mage*, a fig for his Complaints afterwards.

Sings. [in Kain,
Who to win a Woman's Favour wou'd solicit long in
Who to gain a Moment's Pleasure wou'd endure an
Age of Pain;
Idly

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*Idly toying, ne'er enjoying
Pleas'd with Suing, fond of Ruin
Made a Matyr of Dildain.—*

II.

*[Passion warms,
Give my Love the beauteous Rover, whom a General
Fondly pleasing every Lover, frankly proffering all
Never flying, still complying [her Charms:
Glad to ease me, fond to please me
Circled in her Snowy Arms.*

*Hence with Thoughtfulness and Grief,
Care can never bring Relief
I may many Seasons Pass
With my Mistress and my Glass,
And as long as Death will stay
I'll do nothing else but play.*

SCENE, the Street, and Market-Place.

Enter John and several Neighbours.

*Neigh. Hah, John! we wish you Joy honest
John: we han't seen you in your new Capacity
before.*

John. Hey day! what's the Meaning of all this?

*Neigh. We warrant ye, John will Putt with
any Bull in the Parish bye and bye.*

*John. Explain your selves, good Folks, and
I shall take you in presently.*

*A Neigh. John, don't you feel something Hard
Springing from your Forehead?*

*John. I take you two Witnesses (and Bards)—
Scandalum Magnatum! Scandalum Magnatum! I'll
teach you what it is to raise Scandalum Magnatum.*

*A Neigh. But John, did you not hear what pass
between Mark and Mary, on the Market-day up-
on the Hill — Sings the Cuckow Song.*

John

John (*Bullies and Swears*). It's all Slander, and False as the Sun shines at Mid-day upon my Sagacity; and by all the Windows in the Parish, and may I be scalded with melted Lead if it was not I myself was with *Mage* on the Hill that very Day; And who has to do with that? A man may do what he will with his own; and the Hill is as free to me as to any of you; for all you are Stalingers on the Moor, you have no more Right to the Hill than another. — Take that my Boys.

A Neigh. Well done *John*.

John. I think I had them there how-ever.

Neigh. But *John*, what Day do you say it was?

John. The very Day you spoke of, be what Day it will.

Neigh. I said Saturday.

John. Right, Saturday it was.

Neigh. Nay, Man, it was Market-day we mean.

John. Ay, Market-day I mean too, upon my Sagacity.

A Neigh. It would seem, by *John's* Tongue, his Horns have been Tip'd.

John. I take Witness upon those Words too. — Did You hear what he said? —

2d Neigh. Hang you; We'll be no Witnesses for you.

John. Ay, but I can put you upon your *bona fide* with a Subpœna. — d'ye know that.

A Neigh. So, he mutters Law Terms too.

John. To let you know, I have been three times in *Durham* Goal, I think I ought to know something of the Law; but I must go to Mr *Habe Corpus*, — I'll teach you to say *Cuckoo*. — Goes Singing.

If Horns should grow upon my Front

I'll send for a Physician

And see him well, depend upon't,

Out of my Composition. — Meets Ben.

John

John. Ha! — my Master *Ben!* — I think I have managed rarely for you, and my old Master, both.

Ben. Come, let's go in some where, and take a Glass, and then I'll hear.

John. With all my heart: I have much need of something: I have had a sore tew with those Rogues. —

SCENE. *The Tavern.*

John. Ah Master! you do not know what I have done for you?

Ben. (*Aside.*) And you do not know what you have done for your self. — Come, *John*, Drink, and then let's hear. — *John Drinks.* — Here's my good old Master's Health in a Bumper.

Ben. Well, *John* did you take all upon yourself?

John. Ay, marry did I! and I did so Storm and Swear, and Threaten, that I believe I made some of their Hairs curl.

Ben. Drink another Glass, *John*, to the old Health thou knows.

John. Ha! *Ben*, *Ben*, good blood still I find — here it goes. — *Drinks* — But *Ben* — any Word about the Composition Money?

Ben. Ay, Ay, I expect my Father presently with Money for the Lawyers. —

John. (*Aside.*) Good, I shall be a great Man at last, I believe upon my Sagacity. *Mark Enters.*

Mark. How dost do honest *John*. — *Shakes hands with him.*

John. (*Aside.*) He don't use to be so familiar, — To serve you in any shape my good Master.

Mark. Well *Ben*, what Money must I give thee for these Men of the Law?

Ben. I must have Ten Pieces for the Counsel, and Twenty for the Attorney to begin with.

Mark.

Mark. To begin with in Sadness, I fear we shall have nothing to end with at this Rate. —

[Gives thirty Guineas.]

John. Never mind it, Master, the Slanderers must pay for all at last.

Mark. I hope so John. — Well, honest heart, I hear thou did manage them nicely To-day in the Market.

John. I wott did I, Master.

Mark. Thou shalt not repent it honest John, come, I'll drink to thee.

John. Thank you, Master.

Mark. Well, John, I design to give thee a good Job, very soon; I have a House to be all new furnish'd.

John. Good hearing, Master.

Mark to Ben. Do thee and John drink out this Bowl, and then I think it won't be amiss if thou take John with thee to the Counsellor, and tell him, that he will joyn in the Prosecution against the Slanderers; and that will make it look with a better Face.

John. A noble thought upon my Sagacity belide, I can speak to him in Terms of Law; — I have heard a sort of Dictments read in Court.

Mark. Farewell, honest John, (Going) Verily my Substance consumes like Butter before the Sun.

John. Bless his old heart; what a Change there is in him! you know Ben, he carried himself so lofty and haughty formerly, there was no such Thing as speaking to him; but now he's grown quite Sociable.

Ben. It's very true, John, and that haughty Temper of his is the Reason that every body laughs now at his Calamity.

John. A meek Disposition is a fine Thing I see; Sure if I were not endowed with it. — I could never put up with Mingo's saucy carriage to me —

Ben

24 THE BATTLE ON the HILL, &c.

Ben. Come, your Glass and your Song, John.

John Drinks and Sings.

To Gods that gave to me a Wife,

Out of your Grace and Favour,

To be the Comfort of my Life, &c.

And I was glad to have her,

But if your Providence Divine

Some greater Bliss design her

To obey your Wills at any Time, &c.

I'm ready to resign her.

Ben. What are you ill'd of, Mage then?

John. I can't tell—I do not half like to be call'd
Cuckow, and you know there is always some Fire
where so much Smoke appears.

Ben. But you do not consider the Composition
Money, Man.

John. Right, Right, upon my Sagacity, let's
go directly to the Counsellor. [They go]

SCENE, the Counsellor's Chamber, and he in
his Easy Chair.

Enter Ben, John, and the Attorney.

Coun. Pray walk in Gentlemen, and sit you down.

Attorney. I have brought two Clients here Sir.—
[Whispers in his Ear] (*Bene possunt solvere.*)—They
will relate the Case themselves.

Coun. Well, Gentlemen, what is your Affair?

Ben. I want your Advice and Opinion in an
Affair concerning my Father.—*Tips him a Fee.*

Coun. Who's the Gentleman's Father? Mr.
Attorney.

John. Mark, the Jew, in Murmerland, And
please you Sir Counsellor, as honest a Man as in
the County, be the to'ther who he will.

Coun. Well, young Gentleman proceed with your story.

Ben. It seems some of our Towns-men have taken upon them to asperse my Father's Character and Reputation in the Neighbourhood.

Coun. Bad indeed!

John. Ay, and all over the Country;—more Shame for them.

Coun. Worse and Worse! Where do they live?

John. In the Parish aforesaid; in *Murmerland*, aforesaid; in the County aforesaid; An't please you, Sir Counsellor.

Attorney. So, So, Friend; let the young Gentleman inform the Counsellor.

John. I beg pardon, Mr. Attorney.—I'm partly concern'd.

Coun. You shall be heard in your Turn; but let the young Gentleman go on,—Well, Sir, be pleas'd to inform me in what Manner they aspersed your Father?

Ben. They gave out in Speeches, as how my Father should have had Criminal Conversation with another Man's Wife.

Coun. Worst of all! Did they express whose Wife?

John. My Wife, an't please you, Sir Counsellor, upon the Hill, aforesaid, and the Market-day above-mentioned.—

Coun. Stop Friend.—Well, go on, Mr. Ben.

Ben. It was this Man's Wife indeed; and they said as how they would prove it.

Coun. Have you Evidence enough to prove the Expressions?

Ben. A great many.

Coun. Good!

Ben. All people of Credit.

D

Coun-

Coun. Good again! And are the Defendants in Circumstances to pay Damages and Costs?

Ben. All of them are.

Coun. Best of all!—but I wish you had brought one or two of your Witnesses with you, that Mr. Attorney might take down in Writing what they said; And made them sign it; so as to bind them to abide by it.

Ben. Sir, here's *John* is one good Witness.

Coun. Well, *John*, what did you hear them say?

John. They upbraided me with it in the open Street; and sung *Cuckoo*.—to me.

Coun. Was that all?

John. No, an't please you, Sir Counsellor.

Coun. Mr. Attorney, take this Evidence down from his own Mouth, and let him sign it.

Attorney. Well, *John*, what shall I write?

John. Write whatsoever you please your self, and I'll put my Name to it.

Attorney. And will you swear it at the Assizes?

John. That's what I will—It's not the first time I have sworn before my Lord Judge and been cross examined by the Counsel too.

Attorney writes, John signs.

Coun. I am of Opinion that this will bear a very good Action, Mr. Attorney; and therefore I'd advise you to send for a *London Writ*, and let the Parties be served.

Attorney. That I'll do next Post.

Ben. But Counsellor, suppose the Defendants should bring the two Neighbours to swear to what they said they saw.

Coun. Make them Parties Defendants, and then they can't be Evidences.

Ben. Thank you Sir, your Servant.

Coun. Farewell.—Mr. Attorney, Remember when

when the Cause comes to be try'd that you bring me a Brief.

Attorney. Ay, and a good Fee too Sir.

Coun. I know you are my Friend always; God be we' you. — Why don't you come some Evening and Smoke a Pipe with me.

[*Ben goes to the Tavern with the Attorney.*]

Enter two Neighbours with a Proctor.

Proct. Counsellor, these two good Folks wants your Advice. — (*To them*) — relate your Case to the Counsellor, and give him a Fee. (*They do.*)

A Neigh. Well Sir, it seems we are sore threatened, by one *Mark a Jew* in our Town, his Lawyer says, as how he won't leave us a Spoon to eat our Porridge with, and that he will bring Action upon Action against us, If we don't make a genteel Composition with him.

Coun. Composition! for what?

Neigh. Only for Declaring the Truth; and what we saw with our Eyes.

Coun. Pray what was that?

Neigh. Upon the Market-day we were walking on the Hill, and sure enough we did see him and *John's Wife* in the Lawless Action.

Coun. A pretty Fellow indeed! and he threatens you with his Actions at Law, I suppose, for telling of his Actions on the Hill. I'll take Care that he shall pay through the Nose for both Actions, and you acquitted with Honour. — Make no Composition with him.

Proct. How d'ye like that Neighbour! — Give the Counsellor another Fee.

Neigh. We'll follow your Counsel Sir.

(*Tips him another Fee*)

Coun. Mr. Proctor, Take down their Informations in Writing, in Order to form the Lybells,

and be sure to mention Particularly that they do not make the Information out of Malice or with any view of Benefit to themselves; but purely out of Zeal for the Discipline of the Church.—Then, d'ye mind me; Let the Criminals be both Cited to the Spiritual Court, and the two Neighbours be call'd as Witnesses for the Church and Fiscal; And this will not only give the Satisfaction of bringing them to Pennance; but likewise will be the Basis of your Defence at Common Law.

Neigh. Oh Wise Counsell!

The Other. A learned Counsellor, I declare!

Proff. Well, Gentlemen, I shall send you Notice when to Appear.

Neigh. Very well.

Coun. Your devoted Servant.

SCENE *The Tavern.*

Ben, John, and the Attorney.

Attorney. Well, Gentlemen, How do you like the Counsellor?

Ben. A clever Gentlemen, indeed!

John. As ever set his Breast to the Barr upon my Sagacity! — And what do you think of my Evidence good Mr. Attorney?

Attorney. 'Tis quite strong, *John*, and good Evidence is the chief Point in Law;—But Mr. *Ben*, what did you give the Counsellor for his Fee?

Ben. Two Pieces,

Attorney. Enough for the first time.

Ben. But what shall I give You to go on with.

Attorney. Ten Guineas; 'till I send for more.—

[*Ben gives it.*] — (*aside*) I have just saved Eighteen Guineas to myself out of the thirty I had of the Old Man.

Enter

Enter Landlord, with a Bottle of Wine.

Land. Servant, Gentlemen; — Here's a Glass of as good Wine as ever was tip'd.

John. Let's try't first, and we'll take your Word afterwards.

Land. O, *John*! what's brought you here! Have you got into Law? — poor *John*!

John. Poor be your Granny, *Landlord*; — A Man is never poor that is content with his Lot — I am content with my Lot — Poor *John*, truly! — Stay 'till I receive my Composition Money, and then you'll be fain to call me Master *John*.

Land. Pardon me, Mr. *John*, I only spoke Familiarly, we are old Acquaintance. — Well-a-day! what a Crop our Cat has gotten. (*aside.*)

John Drinks and Sings.

*I'll never be poor, while my Wife is a Whore,
For I am told Fools and Cuckolds are Lucky;
And since I am both, I'll be very loath,
To chide you, or yet to rebuke you.*

Attorn. I could wish the Defendant would make some Proposals for Accommodating the Affair; You'll get much more by a Composition than by a Tryal; For Juries seldom give any Damages worth mentioning in such Cases, especially where the Plaintiff is a Jew.

John. Ay, Ay, commend me to a Composition for my Money.

Two Neighbours peep in.

Land. Pray walk in Gentlemen, — there's room enough at yonder Table. (*They walk in.*)

John. Gentlemen, you had better compound this

30 *THE BATTLE OF THE LINES*
this Affair with us; Otherwise you'll be put in a stronger House than ever your Fathers built, a-fore 'tis long, —Mind my Words, upon my Sagacity!

Neigh. Indeed, sagacious *John*, We'll compound none with you, we have as good Counsel as you have. —We are Witnesses for the Church and the Fiscal.

Ben. I think the Counsellor told us, they could not be Witnesses if they were made Defendants.

Attorney. That's at Common Law; But they may be Witnesses for Church and Fiscal.

John. Damn you Laws. —There are so many Quirks and Quibles in them; a Man never knows whether he be sinking or swimming that's in Law. —I am afraid I have a cold Coal to blow for my Composition Money, at this Rate.

Ben. There's no help for it. *Drinks and Sings.*

*A Lawyer will stretch out his Suit by Degrees,
An immoderate length for the sake of his Fees,
But a Taylor will clip it as Short as you Please.* }
Which no body can Deny, &c.

Attorney. Gentlemen I must leave you. — Farewell.

John. Your Servant; ——— you B—h and ten Guineas at your Tail.

Attorney. Let me speak with you here *John*.
(*John goes to the Door.*)

Attorney. *John*, I tell you what; If you should prove distinctly the Fact between *Mark* and your Wife, You'll be entitled to receive Swimming Damages from *Mark*. —But that's between you and I.

John. Thank you for that Sir. —I was just saying to *Ben*, what a smart Lawyer you are. —
Your Servant.

John

John. Come Ben, let's go; ——— your Father will be impatient to hear.

Ben. To hear that we have done nothing for his Purpose!

John. Nor to my Purpose either, Ben ——— you see I'm like to get no Composition Money ——— But,

(aside) I have another string to my Bow. ——— Come, Ben, 'tis an ill Wind that blows no Body Profit.

[Exit John]

SCENE, The Synagogue full, and Mark with them.

Mary Speaks.

It was Livingly, and Powerfully, and Suddenly opened upon my Mind; and I have also for some Time, ——— O! ——— pondered, Considered, and Meditated ——— O! ——— upon the Follies and Vices of this World, ——— O! ——— And verily, I find it is no other than a Limbo of Vanity, in which you see, the Pride of Women and Philosophers ——— O! ——— The Modesty of Men of Sense, and the Impudence of Fools ——— O! ——— The Hopes of Projectors, Lovers, and Conquerors ——— O! ——— Hum ——— m ——— m! The Doating love of old Men and Women ——— O! ——— The Credulity and Foppery of the Superstitious, who hath a Form of Godliness but wants the Power ——— O! ——— Hum ——— m ——— m. The Anxieties and Cares of the Jealous; The Pennury of the Covetous, and their Sons Prodigality ——— O! ——— The Revenge of the Angry and Ligeous how duly it is rewarded ——— O! ——— Hum ——— m ——— m. And it came to pass while I was thus Meditating, Pondering, and Considering more and more upon the Vanities of of the Times, ——— O! ——— Hum ——— m ——— m. The Spirit came Livingly, and Powerfully upon me, and

and I heard a Voice; as it were, Saying, *Mary* Arise quickly, go into the Synagogue, and lift up thy Voice like a Trumpet, amongst the Sons of Zion, Saying, Verily there is a Serpent among you; Even you, O House of Zion! And you want the true Light to discover it; But, behold I say unto you, If he does not quickly confess and repent, He shall fall into the Hands of the Scribes and Pharisees; For he is of the Tribe of the Pharisees;—And it further livingly, and powerfully, opened upon me, That while thou art thus speaking, a Man shall tremble before thee;—And it was further opened,—Then shalt thou say unto him, Art thou the Man?

(*Mark Trembles at these Words.*)

—*Mary.* *Mark*, I perceive thou trembles; I advise thee therefore to pour out thy Wine of Truth before us, least thou be consumed with the Coals of thine Inpenitency.

—*Mark.* Verily, Brethren, I am falsely accused, and my Accusers are prophane Men, and belong not to the House Zion, and therefore cannot be heard according to our Principles: Moreover these wicked Ones have exercised their Art of Electricity upon my Body, and that is it which makes me to tremble.

—*Mary.* That is true; and if thou will not confess to us thy self, and as none of the Brethern ariseth to accuse thee, We will not give Ear to the prophane Men of the World; But if thou art guilty, and denieth the Truth, Thou shalt surely fall into the Hands of the Scribes and Pharisees, According as it came Livingly, and Powerfully, and Suddenly upon me.—Go thy ways for this time.

Mark goes, meets Ben and John.

Mark,

Mark. Welcome both! let's go and be Merry—
I have got clear of the Synagogue! [*They go*]

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Mark. My Cares are over—*Ben.* Honey! My Cares are over Honest *John!* And here is Musick,——
——Methinks I could Dance for Joy.

John. Pray do my good Master; You are as properly made for Dancing as the Dancing-Master of our Town.

Mark. I'll try——Musick Play up——[*Plays Tail Toddle*] *Mark* Dances comically with his Hands on his Thighs.

Enter Apparitor.

Appar. Is Mr. *Mark* here?

Mark. I am he; come in Friend——Art thou com'd to be merry with us?

Appar. Here is a Citation and Monition for you to appear at the Spiritual Court, at the Suit of the Fiscal for the Church.

Mark. Behold my Joy is suddenly turned into Mourning! Ah! for my Vanity!—I pray Friend how long will it be before I may get clear?——
I mean how long may the Cause last?

Appar. Only your own Life-time. It cannot affect your Heirs.

Mark. Oh thy Vanity! Oh my Pride! Oh my Folly! [*weeps bitterly.*]

The Curtain falls.

Bay's the Author, and a Gentleman on the Stage.

Gent. This is something very odd, Mr. *Bays*, to conclude your Opera like a Tragedy, and leave your Hero weeping.

E

Bays

Bays. I'll rectify that presently.—*Players,* call out—*Sufficient Bail.*

All call; Bail, Bail, Sufficient Bail.

Gent. There is another Thing I find Fault with; (I speak as a Friend) you have not made up your Hogthead of Port by three Gallons.

Bays. That's true;—Then we will add three Gallons of Cherry Juice.

Gent. Now you have compleated the Work.—Pray Print it.




F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.

I Have often heard from my old, Father's Mouth,
When I was but a very Slender Youth;
My Son remember when in height of Joy
The Gods make mad whom they mean to Destroy.
Next guard against that odious Passion, Pride,
Which Brutify's our Minds, 'till Mortify'd,
And makes our Friends our Enemies beside.
Be Humble, Temperate, Affable, and Just;
And to pure Love be Subject, Not to Lust;
Thus you'll have Honour, 'till you go to Dust.
While haughty Persons will be forced to Lay
Their Hairs in Grave, with Sorrow, when they're Gray
And if your Mind is e're Intent on Ill,
Then think upon the Battle on the Hill:
Consider this, and to Remembrance call,
Sooner, or later, PRIDE will have a Fall.



APPENDIX

1. The first part of the book is a history of the
2. second part is a description of the
3. third part is a list of the
4. fourth part is a list of the
5. fifth part is a list of the
6. sixth part is a list of the
7. seventh part is a list of the
8. eighth part is a list of the
9. ninth part is a list of the
10. tenth part is a list of the

